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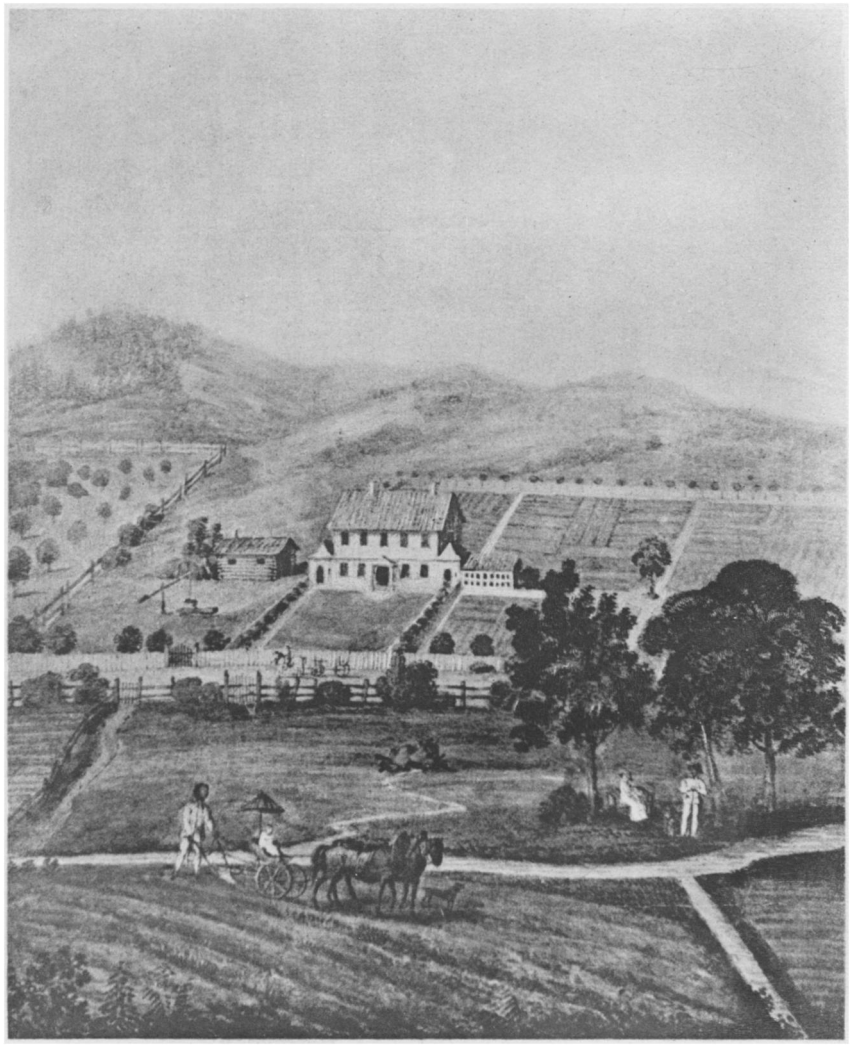

RESIDENCE OF ST. JOHN DE CREVECOEUR
NEAR CORNWALL, N.Y. 1778

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THE "AMERICAN FARMER" ST. JOHN DE CRÈVECŒUR AND HIS FAMOUS "LETTERS" (1735–1813).

BY F. B. SANBORN OF CONCORD, MASS.

A century and a quarter ago there began to be celebrated in England and France an adventurous Norman, calling himself an Englishman, by birth, and further claiming attention on the ground that he was an American Farmer, describing the character, condition, pleasures and hardships of his class in the Colonies, fast becoming independent republics, from Canada to Florida, and from the Atlantic and the Hudson to the Ohio. He wrote enthusiastically of Pennsylvania and its Quakers, of the Indian tribes, in which he professed to be an adoptive member, and he described the scenery and manners of the colonists before Chastellux, Brissot and Chateaubriand travelled among them. He wrote in English, translated his letters into French, and allowed them to be translated into Dutch and German; and in these various languages his books went the tour of Europe and were read in royal courts, in humble homes, and in the libraries of scholars. From an incident in one of his volumes, Kotzebue, the unwearied playwright of Germany, borrowed the plot of his "Quaker" (describing with poetic exaggeration the family history of Warner Mifflin), lately

translated for the PENNSYLVANIA MAGAZINE. The Elector of Bavaria, who made himself king, Maximilian of Zweibrücken, told St. John, when he went to reside in Bavaria in 1806, that he had learned much from the American Letters, as did thousands of others. Yet so little was this once famous Frenchman known when Professor Wendell of Harvard wrote his "History of American Literature," that the historian did not know the date of his birth, the particulars of his career, or the titles of his French books, and could only quote from a poor English edition of less than a quarter part of his writings. I have therefore thought it well to devote some research to a man and a subject which I find interesting, and have made the man and his copious French biography, ("Saint John de Crèvecœur, sa Vie et ses Ouvrages") somewhat better known, I trust, in this land of his affections.

In the mingling of nationalities which, from the early part of the Eighteenth Century, went to make up the population of what is now the United States, Frenchmen had little part until the annexation of Louisiana a century later. A few small colonies of French Protestants, fleeing from the insensate persecution of that *least* Christian king, Louis XIV, planted themselves in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York and South Carolina, and brought to our colonies the distinguished names of Baudouin, Faneuil, Jay, Freneau, De Lancey, Huger, Sigourney, and others. A few in Delaware and Pennsylvania gave lustre by their virtues to the names of Benezet, Boudinot, Dupont and Duponceau. But it was not until the period of the French Revolution and the acquisition of Louisiana that Protestant America became attractive to the French Catholics, who in their turn had to flee their country, and seek shelter under the flag of Washington. The Orleans princes, the diplomatist Talleyrand, and twenty years later the Bonapartes, Murats and Moreaus, came hither for temporary residence, or as explorers of our new Republic. Chateaubriand, Brissot de Warville, and other French tourists came and went,—some

returning to prosperity and fame, others to the guillotine. Lafayette, the most distinguished of all, survived to visit in 1824 the republic he had aided in defending, and to direct in France the Revolution of July, 1830.

But there was one Frenchman who came and went among us, travelled and resided here long before our Revolution or that in France, in both of which he suffered hardship; whose early history is mysterious, and who became distinguished as an American author under conditions so peculiar, and so little known to the mass of his readers, as to make his career no less interesting than most novels. This was St. John de Crèvecœur, who called himself for years "Hector St. John," and perhaps is better known to-day under that assumed name than by his own baptismal one, which circumstances led him to renounce and resume. It was for him that the Vermont town of St. Johnsbury was named; yet till a year or two ago, even the learned men of that town did not know his story, and had not his books in their great library.

There is an ancient city in Normandy, Caen, the capital of William the Norman before he conquered England, and itself conquered by Edward III at the time of the battle of Crecy; now a fine architectural town of some 50,000 people. There, in the 17th and 18th centuries, an old Norman family, St. John,—kindred, no doubt, to the English family of the same name, from which descended Bolingbroke the English statesman, and Emerson, the American sage, had exchanged the profession of arms for civil employments, and had settled down in the local magistracy. One of them, early in the 18th century, had purchased a small fief not far outside the city, and from its title added the name of Crèvecœur to his family name, and by courtesy had the rank of Marquis. His oldest son, Michael Guillaume St. Jean de Crèvecœur, born at Caen, January 31, 1735, and early taught in the Jesuit College of the city, is the subject of my story, and also of adventures singularly varied, even for a Frenchman in the epoch of the great Revolution. He

learned Latin of the Jesuits in their comfortless high school on the Hill (du Mont), and used to tell his children that he made out the North Star, which afterwards guided him through the Canadian forests, by seeing it shining into his chamber, as he lay there in winter nights, sleepless with cold. His uncle, Jacques de Crèvecœur, had a sister-in-law married in England, near Salisbury Cathedral, and to her he was sent as a schoolboy, in some escapade or family emergency quite unknown; and he completed his education, such as it was, in England. This gave him a competent knowledge of English and mathematics, and qualified him for a land-surveyor, an occupation which he followed, like George Washington, in the American Colonies, as early as 1762. But he made his first appearance on our side of the ocean about 1755, as an engineer in Quebec, and a French officer in the war of 1754–63, between the Colonies and Canada. Nobody knows how he happened to come over, or how he left Canada; but after assisting in one or two of Montcalm's campaigns, in which Folsom of Exeter, and Stark of Manchester, distinguished themselves, St. John disappears from Canada, and is next seen among the Pennsylvania Quakers at Shippensburg, near Carlisle. He always retained a regard for these Quakers, and has preserved striking anecdotes about them, whether in Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland or Nantucket. He took up a farm, in New Jersey or New York, about 1764, and in that year, before he was 30, he became naturalized as a citizen of the Province of New York. In 1769 he was married at Westchester, N. Y., to Mehitable Tippet, a young woman of Huguenot descent, and the ceremony was performed by Pastor Tétard, a Huguenot, settled over the French church in New York city. In 1770, he established himself with his wife on a farm near Cornwall, in Orange County, N. Y.; and there his daughter Fanny, afterward the Countess Otto, was born in that year. He called his place "Pine Hill Farm," built a comfortable house there, to replace his original log-cabin, and in 1778 drew a picture of it. It shows St. John and his wife sitting

in the shade of maples, at some distance from the farm-house; while a negro with a pair of horses is plowing near by, and his youngest son, then four years old, is enjoying a ride in a sort of chair fixed to the beam of the plow. This boy, Louis by name, when an officer in Napoleon's campaign in Russia, (where he nearly died of cold and hunger) remembered this ride on the plow, and afterward related the incident to his son, who was a civil magistrate in France under Louis Philippe.

While residing on this farm, and in the years before his marriage, St. John had traveled extensively in Canada and the Colonies; had visited Bermuda, South Carolina, Pennsylvania and Nantucket, and had written copious notes in English, of what he had seen, and of his own reflections on colonial life. He had probably printed something in the provincial newspapers; but he reserved his best observations, in the form of letters, to be published in volumes hereafter. This he did in England and France, from 1782 to 1801, attracting much notice by what he had written. The circumstances of this publication were singular. During his rambles about the Colonies and among the Quakers, he seems to have long preserved his neutrality between the American patriots of the Stamp Act period, and the early days of our Revolution, and the Tory loyalists. He was a man of peace, and evidently shared the sentiment which Tennyson, a century later expressed:

> We love not this French god, this child of hell,
> Wild War that breaks the converse of the wise.

Indeed, few writers have better described the miseries and anxieties of Civil War than St. John in one of the chapters of his 'Letters of an American Farmer,' written during that worst period of the Revolutionary struggle, when the British had excited the Indians of the Six Nations to massacre and ravage at Wyoming, at Cherry Valley, and all along the boundary of that narrow strip of farms and villages

which made up the Atlantic States, outside of New England. In this strip between the Hudson and the Catskills and neighboring mountains, lay St. John's Pine Hill Farm, which, in nine years he had brought to a high state of cultivation. By the spring of 1779 it had become exposed to raids by the Tories and their Indian allies, who had already destroyed Wyoming, and raided the frontier of New Jersey, where in Sussex County, St. John owned another farm. He therefore thought it needful, exactly for what reason is unknown, to visit his father's family in Normandy, from which he had long been separated, and perhaps estranged. He procured a safe-conduct from Gen. MacDougal, who commanded the American army near West Point, in April of the year before Arnold's treason, and started for New York, then held by Sir Henry Clinton and a British army. He had no difficulty in procuring a passport from Sir Henry which admitted him to New York, where he had many friends among the loyalists,—one in particular, William Seaton, to whom many of his famous 'Letters' were addressed. Once in the city, he expected no difficulty in getting passage in some English vessel to London, whence, as a neutral, he could cross over to France. But hardly had he reached New York when the arrival of a French fleet of war vessels off the city caused great alarm, and occasioned St. John's arrest as a French spy. He was thrown into the provost's prison, and treated with much severity, in spite of the interposition of his loyalist friends, who could not finally secure his release on bail until the summer of 1780. He then procured a passage for himself and his elder son, 'Ally,' (Guillaume Alexander) in one of a fleet of merchant vessels and transports, for London, in September, 1780, more than a year after he had left his farm and family. During that year he had heard from them occasionally, but from the day he set sail he lost all communication with them for more than two years. In that interval his farm was raided, his house burnt, and his wife and two young children had fled to Westchester, where Madame St. John

soon died. Misfortune followed her husband also; he was wrecked (as he says) on the coast of Ireland, and had to pass the winter of 1780–81 in Dublin. In the spring of 1781 he passed over to London, carrying with him three folio volumes of his Letters, from which he made up that volume of selections which he sold to a London publisher, Davies, for 30 guineas. With the proceeds he crossed the sea to Ostend, and thence, in August 1781, reached Caen, and his father's chateau at Pierpont, near the seacoast at Ver in Calvados.

Hardly had he been welcomed home, when one of those events where the fact is stranger than any fiction, happened to St. John. Five Massachusetts naval officers, escaped from an English prison, had crossed the Channel in a sail-boat, and landed near Ver on the coast of lower Normandy. They spoke no French, and were without money or clothing, except what they wore. St. John, so well acquainted with English that he had kept his diaries and written his letters in that language, heard of them, met them, took them to his father's house, and otherwise provided for them in Caen, whence, in October 1781, he sent them, by the intervention of Dr. Franklin, then at Paris, home to Newburyport and Boston, where they arrived in November, after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. One of these officers, Lieut. George Little, told St. John he had a cousin in Boston, Captain Gustavus Fellowes, a merchant, who might procure him news of his wife and children. Accordingly St. John wrote by Little to Captain Fellowes, enclosing money and asking him to use it for the relief of his family, if he could find them, and they needed it. Two years more passed, while St. John was detained in France, making acquaintance in high quarters, and profiting by the success of his English book, which was published by Davies early in 1782, and instantly became famous. An edition appeared in Dublin the same year; a revised edition, with a good index, was issued by Davies in 1783; and St. John in the meantime had made a French translation of the Let-

ters, adding much French to the English edition while making his version. It was printed in Paris in 1784, with a commendatory introduction by Lacretelle.

During this, his first visit to his native country for a quarter-century, everything went well with St. John. America and the Americans were in high favor. Franklin and Washington had raised our national reputation to its top-notch; the possibilities of the free and expanding country were becoming everywhere known. It was this which gave such vogue to the English and the French editions of the 'Letters of an American Farmer.' Their English was good, but not faultless,—their French still less so,—but their fresh view of nature and human nature, and their noble altruism fell in well with the prevailing tone, even in England. St. John had to revive his early knowledge of his vernacular. When the Countess D'Houdetot, an old friend of his father, the Marquis de Crèvecœur, and an admirer of Franklin and Jefferson, first invited him to the gatherings of the learned and fashionable group of which she was the centre, he declined.[1] Afterwards he said:

"As I had heard at the table of M. Buffon that she was intimate with learned men, and very well informed herself, a notion of my ignorance, even of my own language struck me so forcibly that pretending a temporary inconvenience, I wrote to her deferring indefinitely the honor of paying respects in person, and returning my thanks. Something she saw in my letter, which I composed in English and translated,

[1] St. John reached his paternal home in Normandy, Aug. 2, 1781. August 10, 1781, Mme. D'Houdetot wrote to Dr. Franklin recommending him as "having lost the greater part of his property by the present war." The twenty-seventh of August he wrote himself to Franklin, then in Paris, speaking of the five Americans, and saying, "As they are genteel, discreet men from the Massachusetts, I have placed them in a good house and procured them the hospitality of the city of Caen." Later in the year, he informed Franklin, "The Americans who escaped from England last summer are happily embarked for Newbury, in Massachusetts," where they seem to have arrived in November.

Mme. D'Houdetot had spoken of St. John to Franklin under the name of Crèvecœur while he at that time always had signed himself St.

hit or miss, pleased her. The queer turn of my phrases, and my use of words that I then fancied were good French, instead of making her despise a man who did not know his native tongue, increased her desire to see me . . . By persistence and by little imperceptible flatteries she succeeded, and thus made a new man of me. What quick progress in the knowledge of French and the customs of good society in France did my wish to merit her esteem assure to me! She invited me to remain at her house, and I was soon on the footing of an old friend there."

Through her influence and that of other powerful friends St. John, after the usual delays of royal courts, received the appointment of French Consul at New York and, as soon as he had put his French version of the Letters in the way to be brought out favorably in Paris, St. John sailed for America, and landed in New York while the British garrison still held the town, in November, 1783. Consequently he was there to see and describe the triumphal entry of Washington, and to praise the tact and magnanimity with which that noble man overcame the difficulties of reconciling the patriots and royalists. This part of St. John's writings has never been translated, and is practically unknown to those antiquaries who of late have been reprinting the accounts of Washington's first weeks in the surrendered city, where Howe and Clinton had been in control for six or seven years.

But a painful surprise awaited him in New York. He had heard absolutely nothing from Gustavus Fellowes since writing to him in Boston, two years before. Not that the

John. Explaining this to Franklin (Sept. 26, 1781) he said, in his peculiar English: "The reason of the mistake proceeds from the singularity of the French custom, which renders their names almost arbitrary, and often leads them to forget their family ones. It is in consequence of this that there are more alias dictios in this than in any other country in Europe. The name of our family is St. Jean, in English St. John—a name as ancient as the conquest of England by William the Bastard. I am so great a stranger to the manners of this, though my native country (having quitted it very young), that I never dreamt I had any other than the old family name. I was greatly astonished when, at my late return, I saw myself under the necessity of being called by that of Crèvecœur."

Good Samaritan of Boston had neglected his affairs, but because the letter he wrote had crossed the Atlantic twice without finding St. John, and was then lying in the New York Post office, informing him of the destruction of his Pine Hill house, the death of his wife, and the rescue of his two children from dire poverty by Captain Fellowes, in return for the good deed of St. John in befriending the Boston naval officers on the coast of Normandy. The English text of the letter of Captain Fellows has disappeared; but from its French version in St. John's third volume of the Letters, issued in 1787, I make this translation, omitting the less essential parts:—

I received your letter of September 29, 1781, by the hands of the five officers of the naval vessel "Protector." I read it attentively. Your readiness to assist them in misfortune, and the important service you did them made on my mind an impression so strong that I at once took all the steps I thought needful to gain information by letter of the state of your family in Orange County. My effort was in vain; the war interrupted all communication. I then made up my mind to go there myself, and told my wife, who approved the plan. "'Tis no more than right," said she. "The family of our worthy fellow-citizen are perhaps in trouble; the British and the Indians, they say, have made many ravages in that district. My dear, let us do for him and his what he did for our friends on the coast of Normandy."

A week after I left Boston I was lucky enough to meet, on the banks of the Hudson, the Sheriff of Orange County, Jesse Woodhull, Esq., who as Colonel of the militia was with his regiment at the post of Fishkill. Your letter, which I handed him, was the first he had got from you since you left the British prison at New York. He asked 50 questions about you and Ally, the state of your family, your misfortunes, etc. I learned from him the death of your wife and the sad condition of the children since the raid of the savages and the scarcity of food. Horror-struck at the news, I at once made up my mind to bring them away from that unlucky region, carry them to Boston, and bring them up with my own children. The Sheriff approved my plan. He said, "You cannot do a greater service to my old friend and good neighbor, Mr. St. John. The Indians and the war have broken up all our schools and the Lord only knows how we are to educate our children."

Fortunately the snow was deep, and the roads well trodden. I at once busied myself with arrangements for getting the children to Boston as comfortably as possible; and especially to clothe them warmly. My

wife had provided for that, and luckily,—for everything was so out of order that I could not have found in the whole county of Orange either woolen stuffs or suitable flannels. Before leaving Sheriff Woodhull, who invited me to his headquarters, I inquired what had been the expenses of the children since the death of their mother, and offered to put 40 guineas in his hands. He would not take it, saying that the sale of some horses and cattle, which had escaped the plunderers, had brought money enough to pay for their support, which could not indeed have cost much, judging by the condition I found them in. As to your farm and outlands, I advised him never to allow their sale without your consent. I received the amount of your bill of exchange, and shall use it for the good of the children.

Since they have been with us we have treated them as our own. They are good, and fortunately we have a boy and girl of their ages, with whom they live on the best of terms. My wife and I receive them as if they were children we had lost and recovered; were we so unfortunate as never to see or hear of you again, we should educate them as our own. Not knowing what religious principles you had given them, I take them to church with my household, and they offer to God the same worship that we do. If you receive this, please tell us your wishes on this point; we shall be glad to conform to them. I shall send you copies of this letter until I get some reply.

When Sir Fowell Buxton was seeking financial aid from the British government for a philanthropic enterprise in English Africa, and found a cold reception, while his kinsmen, the Quaker Gurneys, gave him liberally, he exclaimed, "In Downing Street I found princes who were stingy merchants, but in London City I found merchant princes."

The combination in Captain Fellowes of the exactness of a merchant and the generosity of a prince, is very striking, and makes us wish to know more of a Bostonian who behaved so handsomely. Thirty-two years ago his granddaughter, Emily Pierpont Delesdernier, undertook to give the world this knowledge, in a little book published at New York by Hurd & Houghton,—"Fannie St. John, a Romantic Incident of the American Revolution." Gustavus Fellowes was the son of a Cape Ann sea captain, and had himself commanded vessels sailing out of Boston. He was born in

1736, a year after St. John, and had two brothers, Cornelius and Nathaniel, 'mariner-merchants,' and afterwards coffee-planters in Cuba. They were at one time among the wealthiest of their class. Cornelius and Gustavus married cousins named Pierpont,—the wife of Gustavus being Sarah, daughter of James Pierpont, who was distantly related to the Earls of Kingston, of whose family was Lady Mary Pierpont, better known by her married name of Montagu. Mrs. Fellowes had six daughters and two sons, and seven of these children were living in Washington Street near Harvard, where Captain Fellowes had a fine house and a large garden, in November, 1783, when Letombe, the French Consul at Boston, called to inquire if the two children of St. John were still there. They were, but St. John, hearing they were well cared for, and being occupied with his official and private affairs at New York, did not see them till the spring of 1784. He found Fanny, a tall girl of 13, who told him her little story as follows:

It was time, dear father, for Providence to begin to show favor to brother Lewis and me, when Mr. Fellowes got to Westchester where we were. For we had neither shoes nor stockings, and were almost naked. The weather was cold, and the other children there were much in the same condition. My little brother, being younger, did not feel the misery of our lot so much as I, but he cried a good deal. And I who remembered so well your tender care and that of poor Mother,—how I did grieve when I thought of all that! and 'twas very often. J. D. and his wife, not knowing who this stranger might be, that came to fetch us away, did all they could to make us stay with them. They tried to alarm little brother, and he began to cry, and say, "I don't want to go with that man." Mr. Fellowes had to take him by force, poor Philip Lewis, from Mrs. D.'s arms, he crying hard, and she crying too. I said to them, "We cannot be worse off than we are here; why should you want to keep us? You have nothing to give us; you can hardly supply your own needs. This man must wish us well,—else he would not have come such a long way. Perhaps God sent him."

I remember this too. I got into the strange man's sleigh with the greatest eagerness, for I thought it would take me away from the place where I lost my mother, and had suffered so many things. O, Father! you don't know how good and warm were the clothes this good man,

whom God sent to us, had brought with him. I hugged myself with joy when I put them on. I heard afterwards it was his dear wife, my adopted mother, who, inspired by heaven, gave him the idea. You could not yourself have been kinder than this blessed man was, in our whole journey. When we had a big river to cross on the ice, which he knew gave me a great fright, he always told us a pretty story, to take our minds off, and shorten the time. When we got to Hartford, some of his friends there asked him "What have you got in your sleigh?" "Two lost children" he said,—"I lost them, and have just got 'em back. I am taking them to Boston, where my wife will soon make them forget all they had to bear. We have seven children there now, and these two little lost lambs will make nine." That was just what he said.

In Boston how I liked being pitied, put in warm clothes, having enough to eat when I was hungry,—and especially not to be afraid of the Indians. Lewis began to laugh as soon as we got here. I scolded him well for having cried at Chester, and for wanting to stay there. They put me to sleep the first night with Abigail, the oldest daughter, who is near my age. I love her as if she were my own sister; she is politeness and gentleness all over. Lewis was put to bed with little Gustavus, who is only five months older. The next morning Mrs. Fellowes combed our hair, and put on clothes like those of the others, and when we had got rested, we were all sent to school together. Not only did she wash and dress us herself every morning, but she had us sit by her at the table, and gave us the best there was on it; for she said,—"These poor children have had so hard a time, they must now have more care than our own." When she went visiting she often took me instead of my good sister Abby; especially if we were going to sail in the Harbor, or go to Castle Island, or Roxbury, Jamaica Plain, Cambridge or Dorchester. Abby, who is goodness itself, would often say,—"Yes, Mother, take Fanny with you. I shall like to stay at home and take care of the little ones; Fanny needs a good time more than I do." We now take turns going out, or else go together.

I have become useful to Mother, too. For a year and a half I have helped her every morning, along with Abby, to wash and dress the younger children, and send them to school. She has taught me to sew, to knit and to spin; I mend clothes, make bread, and do a little cooking. She has a baby eight months old, a little girl,—and they gave her my name, for I was her godmother. They named a whaleship Fanny, too,—she sailed two months ago for Brazil. I hope she will come back with a good lot of oil! When little Fanny is weaned, expect to have the whole care of her, and have her sleep with me, and be no more trouble to her mother. I want you should call her granddaughter."

This artless prattle lets us see the whole interior of the Boston merchant's household. These were the men celebrated by Emerson:

> The waves that rocked them on the deep
> To them their secret told;
> Said the winds that sung their lads to sleep,
> "Like us be free and bold!"
> The honest waves refuse to slaves
> The empire of the ocean caves.
>
> And where they went on trade intent
> They did what freemen can;
> Their dauntless ways did all men praise,—
> The merchant was a man.
> The world was made for honest trade,—
> To plant and eat be none afraid.
>
> The honest craftsman we promote,
> Disown the knave and fool;
> Each honest man shall have his vote,
> Each child shall have his school.
> For what avail the plow or sail,
> Or land, or life,—if freedom fail?

After reaching Boston at last, and embracing his children, St. John spent some days there, and went to church on Sunday with the Fellowes family. His daughter whispered to him as he went,—perhaps to the Old South,—"I am delighted that you will go. Our neighbors, who have so often spoken of you, and were so glad to hear you were coming, will be much gratified to see us, father and children, coming to 'worship with them'." ("This is an expression," says St. John aside, "peculiar to Boston.") "This reflection," he says, "was very touching. Nor was I less touched at the kind of sensation that my presence in the church seemed to cause. I heard some persons in the next pew say softly, 'That is Fanny's father,' and I noticed how much my child enjoyed this mark of public interest."

"What was my surprise," he adds, "on coming out of church, to have Mr. Fellowes introduce me to the five Americans (George Little, Clement Lemon, Alexander

Story, Samuel Wales and John Collins), whom I have mentioned as met by me in Normandy. Learning that I was to be in this church, they had come there on purpose to see me. A crowd of citizens then came up, shook my hand, and congratulated me on my happy return, and on finding my children in such good hands. 'It is to your worthy townsman,' I replied, 'that I owe all this,—under that Divine Providence which interested him in them, when he did not know their father.' Mr. Fellowes then invited the five naval officers to dine with us at his house."

Is not this a pleasing picture of Boston hospitality, 122 years ago? The two children at this time were, Louis Phillippe, nine and a half, and Fanny (Frances America) in her 14th year. He was born Oct. 22, 1774, and she nearly four years earlier,—Dec. 14, 1771. Their ages were incorrectly given by St. John, but we now have their birth-certificates. Dates were never his strong point, and he may have changed them to suit himself. He had left his Hudson River farm late in April, 1779, and sailed for England Sept. 1, 1780.

St. John took his younger son with him to France in 1785, but allowed Fanny to remain and finish her girlish education in Boston, remaining in the family of Captain Fellowes, but soon after his return from a visit to France in 1787, Fanny went to live with him in New York, while Louis and Ally were at school in France, spent their vacations with Mme. D'Houdetot, and frequently dined at her house with Mr. Jefferson, then the successor of Franklin at the court of Louis XVI. Meanwhile, a young German, Louis (Ludwig Wilhelm) Otto, born in Baden in 1754, had come to New York in 1779, as a member of the French legation, after the French alliance; he remained there and in Philadelphia until 1792,—rising constantly in his diplomatic profession, by reason of his knowledge and tact. He was attracted by the young Fanny St. John, sixteen years younger than himself, and they were married in a New York church in 1790, just before her father sailed for France the

last time. They remained in America till 1792, and then sailed for France at the very crisis of the Revolution there, in which, in many ways, St. John and his friends had become involved. St. John had had his leave of absence from his consulate extended through the good offices of his friend Lafayette; but when the latter fell from power, and left France, the French agents in America were all recalled, and St. John became a suspected 'aristocrat.' His son-in-law, Otto, however, availed himself of his recall to secure a place in the Foreign office, at first under Talleyrand, and afterward under the extreme revolutionists. This enabled him to protect the St. Johns, and, after Robespierre was overthrown, to serve again under Talleyrand, and later under Napoleon, who distinguished him personally, and trusted him in diplomacy more than Talleyrand. Otto was made a Count of the Empire; his daughter, afterwards a Baroness under the Bourbons, was a maid of honor to Josephine, and the family remained in favor until St. John and Otto died, the first in 1813, the other in 1817. Fanny St. John survived till 1823.

But we are interested also in the Fellowes family. While their adopted child, Fanny, was rising in fortune, the good Gustavus lost a part of his wealth, sold his Boston house and garden, and removed to Machias in Maine, to engage in the Labrador fishery. There he met another family, as interesting as his own,—the Lesderniers from Geneva, friends of Albert Gallatin. Lewis Lesdernier afterwards married a daughter of Mr. Fellowes, and Miss Emily Lesdernier was their child.

It seems surprising that nearly all the comments on St. John, as a writer, thinker and observer, should be based wholly on the imperfect first volume of his 'Letters' published in England in 1782, under circumstances that restricted his expression of regard for the revolted Colonies, not yet acknowledged by George III as independent States. This English edition, though somewhat improved in the revision of 1783, was in fact a little more than a third part

of the contents of his final French edition of 1787. It contains less than 100,000 words, while the French edition has 280,000. If to this we add the contents of the three volumes of 1801, we shall find that St. John published in French about five times as much as in English; and an examination of his six volumes will show that their contents are a far more valuable contribution to American history, topography and social conditions, from 1757 to 1800, than any other contemporary author has left us. Their maps and engravings are well drawn and engraved, their information is generally accurate, except in the matter of dates, and they supply facts for which the newspapers and public documents of the period might be searched in vain. A curious interest attaches to the vignettes in the three volumes of 1787. They are circular, like medals, and may have been designed for such. In the second volume, France, helmeted and armed like Pallas, wields her spear and holds forth her *fleur-de-lis* shield, to protect America, as the infant Hercules, strangling the serpents, against the rampant British lion. The legend around the circle is Horace's line, *Non sine dis animosus infans.* Below this device are the dates of the two surrenders, —at Saratoga, Oct. 17, 1777, and Oct. 19, 1781, at Yorktown. This is the best device of the three. The first volume has a funeral monument, on which are inscribed the names of Gen. Warren, Gen. Wooster, Gen. Montgomery and Gen. Mercer; beneath the monument, outstretched on the ground, lies America, in Indian undress, mourning for her slain sons. The legend this time reads, *O, Manes Heroum, vestra libera est patria.* In the third volume, the figure is of an all-seeing eye, from which radiates beams of light to or from thirteen stars representing the new States of our Union, with the motto around them, *Nova Constellatio.* To carry out this series of allegories, a frontispiece in one volume represents America, as a nursing mother in Indian dress, with hungry babes clinging about her, and the inscription below, *Ubi Libertas, et Panis, ibi Patria.*

Of the general accuracy of St. John's descriptions of

American scenery and manners, Brissot de Warville speaks in terms of praise, and his language shows how well known were the French "Letters." Arriving at New York from Boston in August, 1785, Brissot says,—

"I am reading again the description given by M. Crèvecœur of this part of the United States, and after comparing all the particulars with what I have yet seen, I must confess that all the strokes in the picture are faithful. Albany is the chief town of rural New York, situated where the Mohawk empties into the North River. This is the region of which M. Crèvecœur has given a sketch so enchanting; its rigorous winters he has transformed into delightful seasons for men who chiefly love the pleasures of Nature."

Here the allusion is to that remarkable picture of the approach of winter, the scene of which he places at German Flats, then the chief town of Herkimer county, sixty miles west of Schenectady, in the Mohawk valley. It is now a part of the town of Herkimer, and has lost those rural features which so delighted St. John. His description still applies, however, so far as nature is concerned, to many hundred townships in the northeastern States. It occurs in the French edition of 1787, (Vol. I., p. 289) and, abridged, is as follows:

"Among the physical characteristics of our climate none seem to me more striking than the beginning of our winters, and the vehemence with which their first rigor comes upon the earth. It comes down from heaven, and becomes one of heaven's greatest favors; for what should we do but for the immense body of our useful snows? Thanks to them we gather abundantly the crops that we cultivate. The deluge of congealed vapor is, in spite of its harsh appearance, a vast mantle that covers and keeps warm the grass and grain of our fields. This season has much to do with the management of the creatures on a great farm; forced to abandon the grass of our fields and meadows, they pass at once to the fodder, the grain and other food which man collected for them when vegetation enriched the earth's surface. This is

the period when the duties of a large farmer become more extended and absorbing. He must draw from his storehouse all the kinds of subsistence that are needed; he must look out that his provision may be enough to keep all his cattle during this long confinement, which often covers half the year. He must separate each class of creatures, so that the stronger may not trouble the weaker ones; he must find the most suitable place to water them, with a path not too slippery.

"He must break out the roads, and join his team to those of his neighbors to tread down the snow on the highways and keep them open; and must have the means of guarding against disease and accident, and a remedy for them when they come. Great must be his forethought, knowledge and activity, in order to supply his household with clothing and food during five months. . . . Soon after the fall of the leaves our different harvests,—of potatoes, maize, artichokes, etc., occupy all our time. The Indians have given us their local information,—it is easy for us to foresee what sort of winter we shall have by the number of husks that cover the maize-ear, and by the doings of the squirrel, when he steals it from the cornfield. Every wise man must prepare for the roughest season Nature can give us. The things then needed would surprise you. He must look sharply after the stables, the sheds, the barnyards and outhouses, the stalls in which the cattle are to be kept, the racks, portable or fixed, the troughs, cribs, etc. He must repair what is giving way, put in place what is needed, and find suitable covering, secure from rain and snow, for the cornstalks, hay and common straw.

"The great rains come at last, and fill the springs, the brooks and the swamps; it is an infallible sign, to which succeeds a sharp freeze, brought by the northwest wind. This piercing cold bridges with ice all the watery places, and prepares the earth to receive the great mass of snows that will soon follow; the roads, lately impassable, from mud, become open and easy. Sometimes after this rain, there

comes an interval of quiet and warmth, called the Indian summer; its indications are the absence of wind, and a general smoky appearance. The approach of winter was doubtful up to now; it sets in toward the middle of November, although, oftentimes, snows and slight freezes long precede it. . . . Soon the northwest wind, that great harbinger of cold, ceases to blow; the air thickens imperceptibly and the sky takes a gray color; you feel a cold that attacks your nose and fingers. This calm lasts a little while; the grand regulator of our seasons begins to show himself; a dull and distant sound announces some great change. The wind comes round northeast; the sunlight dims, though you see no cloud; a general darkness seems to be coming on. Minute atoms fall at last; you can hardly see them; they slowly descend, as if their weight were about equal to that of the atmosphere,—an infallible sign of a large fall of snow. Insensibly the number and volume of these white particles becomes more striking, they come down in greater flakes; a distant wind makes itself more and more heard, with a sound that gains as it approaches. The icy element, so long expected, appears at last in all its pomp of Boreas, and begins to give to all objects a uniform color. The force of the wind increases. The cold and treacherous calm changes to a tempest, driving the clouds into the southwest with the greatest speed; this wind howls at all the doors, sounds in all the chimneys, and whistles in sharpest tones through the bare branches of the nearest trees. Sometimes this great snowfall is preceded by sleet, which spreads a brilliant glaze over the ground, the trees, the buildings and fences. A sad sight for the cattle; melancholy and solitary, they seek shelter and cease to graze,—waiting, with backs to the wind, till the storm pass.

"What a sudden change! between nightfall and morning! the autumn landscape has vanished; Nature is clad in universal splendor, a veil of dazzling white contrasts with the azure sky. Muddy roads, deep in mire, become icy and solid ways. The alarm spreads on all sides; the master,

followed by his people, hastens to the fields where the cattle are, lets down the bars, calls them, and counts them as they pass out. The oxen and cows, taught by experience, can find the place where they were fed last winter. The young cattle follow them; all move slowly. The colts, hard to catch while they were at liberty, suddenly become tamer and more docile to the hand that caresses them. The sheep, burdened with their fleeces, overweighted by the snow, go forward slowly, with continual bleating to show their embarrassing fears. They are our first care, and receive our attention. Soon the horses are led to their stalls, the cattle to theirs; the others, according to age, are placed in the outhouses and in the quarters assigned to each. All are now in safety; no need yet to feed them; they must feel the sting of hunger, to eat of their own accord the dry fodder, and forget the grass that nourished them but now.

"The watchful eye of the farmer has directed all this; like a good master he has provided for the security of all; no accident has happened. He returns to the house at last, wading through a depth of snow that already fills the roads. His clothes, plain, but warm and convenient, are covered with sleet and icicles; his face, smitten by the wind and snowflakes, is red and swollen. His wife, delighted to see him back before nightfall, congratulates him, and offers a mug of cider spiced with ginger. . . . But a trouble annoys them. The children had been sent in the morning to a distant school; the sun was shining and no appearance of snow; they have not yet come home; where can they be? The mother communicates her anxieties to her spouse, who already, in secret shared her uneasiness; he orders one of the negroes to go to the school-house with Bonny, the old, faithful mare, whose fruitfulness has been so useful. Tom obeys in haste, mounts without saddle or bridle, and hurries through snow and wind. The children were at the door, expecting impatiently the aid from home; the schoolmaster had gone and left them. Soon as they recognize Tom the "good nigger," they utter cries of joy, which is increased

by the pleasure of going home on horseback. After putting two behind, he puts the third in front. Rachel, the child of a poor widow, sees, with tears in her eyes, her companions furnished with a horse and a slave; it is a cruel mortification; there are such at every age. "Must Rachel stay here alone?" she cries; "my mother hasn't got a horse nor a servant!" 'Tis the first time the child has realized her situation, or made such a reflection. The negro, touched by her tears, and to please his master's children, after several attempts, puts her on the neck of Bonny."

So the story goes on, showing how they get safe home, are brushed and warmed and fed, and go off to bed,—while the father watches the storm, and the negroes smoke and tell stories in the kitchen, etc. The details of winter life in a new settlement are well given,—a little too diffusely, perhaps, but showing what a good observer St. John was.

The ten years between St. John's landing in France, in 1790, and his beginning to print his second work in 1800, were troubled and dangerous years for him and most of his earlier friends. Unable to get an extended leave of absence from his consulship, he tried for a pension upon giving up the post, but his patrons were not only out of power,—they were exiles or prisoners, or had died under the wrath of the French people against the 'aristocrats.' The Duc de Rochefoucauld had been stoned to death at Gisors; Liancourt had fled to England, and the once powerful and popular Lafayette, whose reception in America was enthusiastically described by St. John in his third volume of 1787, had fled from France and was imprisoned in an imperial dungeon. His son, George Washington Lafayette was met at Mount Vernon by Mr. Latrobe in July 1797, where he was the emigrant guest of his godfather, while Lafayette languished in prison. Even Otto, who had been secure in the foreign office under Danton's clerk, Deforgues, was himself imprisoned in 1794, and unable to extend protection to his suspected father-in-law. At this crisis St. John found friends in the prosperous banking house of Col. Swan of

Boston, at whose noisy counting-room he used to write his letters, under feigned names and dates to his sons, 'Ally' at Hamburg, in a branch of Swan's bank, and Louis, whom in this year, 1794, he had sent off to America to make his way as a pioneer farmer, like his father, thirty years before. From the autumn of 1794 till April, 1796, St. John himself lived near his son Ally in Altoona, a suburb of Hamburg,—James Monroe, who reached Paris as American envoy in the summer of 1794, finding himself too much embarrassed by his delicate situation, after the downfall of Robespierre, to repay to Otto and St. John the services they had rendered him, as they thought.

Returning to Paris in the spring of 1796, St. John found he had been elected a non-resident member of the French Academy, in one of its sections, and he met with the members occasionally. Later in that year he joined with Otto in the purchase of a small estate called Lesches, near Meaux, and the river Marne, and recalled Louis from America to take part in the farm labors there, while St. John himself remained in Normandy with his aged father, the Marquis, who did not die till 1799.

At Lesches, which Louis afterwards left to join the French armies in Italy and Switzerland, St. John edited his second work, already cited, with his son William Alexander, (married in 1798 to a lady of Normandy) residing on the estate for a time; while his son-in-law Otto had gone to Berlin as secretary to Siéyés, ambassador to Prussia. Thence he was sent to England by Napoleon, where he made all the arrangements for the treaty of Amiens. After his recall from England, by an intrigue of Talleyrand, (once more in the foreign office under Napoleon), the First Consul sent Otto to Munich, to represent him in the then friendly country of Bavaria. St. John joined his son-in-law there in 1806, and at once, as in other countries where he dwelt and visited, fell into good society, and saw famous persons. Maximilian the Elector, who had made himself king, told him with what pleasure he had read the American Farmer's

Letters, and invited him to dinner. It was not in the court circle, however, but among the men of science, with whom Count Rumford had lived familiarly, years before, that St. John found himself most at home. He admired the aptitude of the Bavarians for art and the sciences, in which they have since become so distinguished. "There is here in Munich," he wrote, "an endowment of talent, which only needs a corresponding endowment of research to show itself highly productive. I have taken the liberty to speak to the king about this, as often as with propriety I could do it." The results are now seen everywhere in Bavaria.

Mme. D'Houdetot, upon St. John's return to New York, early in 1787, said to him, a few days before he left her country house at Sannois for L'Orient:

"My friend, you are leaving your two dear boys here, and you know my fondness for these young sufferers by the calamities of war. From now until you come back, I will adopt them ; I desire that they should love and consider me as their mamma, and hope they will call me by that name. We shall correspond frequently. Every Thursday I will take them to dine with Mr. Jefferson ; every Sunday he and your boys shall dine with me ; when convenient I will take them to the theatre. They are at school, but they shall spend all their vacation with me, whether I remain here at Sannois, or go to the Marais or to Mereville."

She kept her word and was most gratefully remembered by St. John at her death in 1813, at the age of 82.

Like this famous woman, St. John was very faithful in his friendships. He had received many civilities, and no doubt his fortunes had been advanced at the hands of the Pennsylvania Quakers, of whom he always spoke well. They were quite in the way of being Tories during the Revolution,—at least the older Quakers,—and Brissot, when he turned against his friend St. John, accused him of having been a Tory too, and very much afraid that secret would be revealed to his American friends. Probably he did not at first take sides with the patriots; but after the defeat of Burgoyne was followed by the French alliance, he left no doubt on which side his sympathies were. His long sojourn

at Nantucket, where the Quakers were averse to the approaching war, gives color to the story that he hoped for a peaceful solution of the quarrel, as many of the good patriots did. In his French edition of the "Letters," he has some anecdotes of the Pennsylvania and Delaware Quakers which do not appear in the English book. One of these chapters has much to say of Warner Mifflin and the Vinings of Delaware, and of the illustrious Quaker of French parentage, Anthony Benezet, one of the first abolitionists in America.

Returning from Munich in 1809, St. John renewed his acquaintance with Mme. D'Houdetot, with Volney, and other ante-Revolutionary friends. By this time, too, his granddaughter had grown up and was soon married to a rising man of public affairs, the Baron Pelet de la Lozère, then attached to the Council of State, (born 1785, died 1871) and afterwards prefect, deputy, peer, and twice minister of state under Louis Philippe. This marriage occurred in 1812, and proved a fortunate one; but at that very time occurred the disastrous retreat from Russia, in which Louis St. John, the son who had lived in Boston and New Jersey, nearly lost his life. He had long been in Napoleon's army, —in Italy under Massena, and elsewhere, and now in 1812–13, he was subjected to the horrors of the battle of Beresina, and the winter retreat to Wilna in Poland. Writing to his father from Leipzig, (March 10, 1813), Louis said:

"I am quite well, and all my wounds are healed. I can only thank the Almighty for having so happily escaped the terrible destiny that seemed to await me, especially when I had been stripped by the Cossacks at Wilna. I was in such a state of misery and weakness that I could neither fly nor fight; and I was incapable of enduring their harsh treatment, had I remained in the power of those barbarians. No wonder I was so reduced; I had passed many icy nights in the open air without rest or sleep, in fear of freezing. If I closed my eyes, for an instant, I opened them without being refreshed, and was usually waked by hunger. You know, father, that hunger, like sleep, is irresistible; you had occasion to find this out in the American wilderness. I was so horribly wretched, so covered with vermin, my beard of such a length, that I had

only a distant resemblance to a human being, as some of my comrades have since told me. For all that, I was never so happy in my life as when I escaped from Wilna. I dragged myself along, half frozen, without gloves, sticking my hands in my pockets, the only place where they could get a bit of warmth. In such a disaster, everybody thinks only of himself. Had I fallen on the high road, nobody would have stooped to pick me up; and probably I showed myself just as indifferent towards more than one who needed my aid. On the march or in bivouac we were so exasperated by suffering that every one shied off to hide a bad crust of bread that he was secretly gnawing."

When the young officer reached headquarters, and communicated his safety, his father said, "This resurrection of Louis has made me ten years younger;" but St. John was already near his end. He died at Sarcelles, in Count Otto's house, Nov. 12, 1813; and by a continuance of those errors of date which clung to his career through life, he was entered in his death certificate as 81 years old, when in fact he lacked two months and a half of being 79. Perhaps it was this certificate which caused some of his biographers to speak of him as born in 1731. Others say, 1738; the actual date was January 31, 1735. His obituary in the Journal of the Empire called him 82, and spoke of him as "Modest even to humility,"—a quality rare in Frenchmen.

At intervals during the century and a quarter since St. John began to be known as an author, under a disguised name, he has been recognized for what he essentially was,—an artless writer, in spite of his many innocent arts to escape personal annoyance, and as true a philanthropist, though not so amply gifted with genius and political wisdom as his friends, Franklin and Jefferson. That singularly rare virtue, unselfish gratitude, was conspicuous in him,—and we should hardly have heard of his sufferings on the frontier, in the brutal prison of New York, or among the *sans culottes* of Paris, were it not for the effusion of his thanks to his Quaker friends in Pennsylvania, his loyalist and truly loyal friend, William Seaton of New York, and the grandees of France, who put him in the way of what was the height of his ambition,—to render useful service to his two countries,

America and France, and to benefit the mass of mankind. In doing this, and almost without intending it, he became every now and then an admirable writer. He saw man and Nature clearly and lovingly; he described what he saw in the first language that occurred to him, and as this was untutored and never imitated, it often had the effect of genius. Like the receipt for good writing which John Brown's 'Paddy' unconsciously gave, St. John in his diaries and letters was "afther others, and niver afther himself at all, at all." If he did not, like Brown, rise in high moments into true eloquence or the conciseness of Thucydides, it was the fault of his two vernaculars,—the diffuse English of the eighteenth century, and the late-acquired French prose, which is more favorable to the sententiousness of wit than that of profound wisdom. But even so, his French may outlast, in its best examples, the posing rhetoric of Chateaubriand, and all but the highest flights of Danton and Mirabeau. Far inferior in sustained elegance and descriptive charm to the prose of St. Pierre, it has now and then all the unforeseen grace and native strength which authors by profession so generally lack.

Having dealt in his first series of Letters chiefly with the scenery of the northeastern colonies and infant States, though he had introduced visits to Carolina and Bermuda, St. John, while weathering the storms of the French Revolution, seems to have thought it proper, in a new series to take up the condition, natural advantages and social habits of the southern and western States, the Indian tribes, and Canada. He therefore pieced together and began to print at Paris in 1800, a new three-volume work to which he gave the title of "A Journey in Upper Pennsylvania," though little of it was devoted to that backwoods country as he had known it. Probably the life of his son Louis as a pioneer in a part of that region may have suggested this chapter. But presently he turned to other topics, and tells a long story about a Carolina planter, an old man, Mr. Bull by name, who had left his home on the Saluda river and moved

northward through the mountain region with his family and slaves in 1778, to avoid the raids of the Tories and savages, such as St. John had sought to avoid in 1779.

They planted crops each year, hunted for game, and fed their cattle and horses on the rich pasturage of the bottom-lands. St. John makes him say:

"Alone in the midst of these vast solitudes we had for witnesses of our labor only the sweet melodious meadow-lark, the jay, the chattering boblincoln, the tufted starling, the bold king-bird, the shrill whistling cat-bird, and the thrushes with their gentle, harmonious notes. These birds, with the mock-bird, ignorant of the destructive power of man were constantly about us, and seemed to view us with curiosity rather than terror. Every evening, as soon as the sun set, great flocks of cranes rose slowly, in regular and majestic spirals to a great height, as if to catch the last glimpse of the sun, whose rays sometimes glanced on their whitish wings and met our eyes as we watched them. They soon came down again in the same order and as silently in the places they had just left. This spectacle occurred almost daily when the sky was clear, and lasted more than half an hour. In this lovely solitude we passed our first winter. I built a spacious, comfortable cabin at the foot of one of the largest oaks I ever saw; and in this my two daughters gave birth to the two grandsons whom you see here with me. In memory of their birthplace I gave them the name of Pacolet and Nawassa, the streams at whose confluence I had built my cabin."

This was near the Broad river, a few miles south of North Carolina; for the topography of St. John is confirmed by his contemporary, Dr. Morse. The second winter he was near the headwaters of the Yadkin river; the third near those of the river Dan, not far from a mountain called Ararat. In that region were the Carolina Moravians at Wachovia, whose chief town, Salem, corresponding to Bethlehem in Pennsylvania, is still inhabited by these pious people. The old Noah of this modern Ararat went on to say,—

"During the four years of my pilgrimage I think I must have traversed 600 miles, without any of my household being ill a single day,—so salubrious are our mountains. It was time, however, for peace to be made, and our endurance, our courage and our clothes were getting worn out. Finally, in May, 1782 I returned to my plantation on the Saluda, which two old servants had not been able to protect

from pillage. Great was their joy to see us come back in good health, and with an increase of the family of seven children, two white and five black,—together with 54 young cattle."

In the moral virtues St. John seems to have been a model, which can seldom be said of Frenchmen who have not sincerely devoted themselves to religion. His great grandson and biographer Robert St. John de Crèvecœur, a Roman Catholic, says of him:

"He believed firmly in God and in the immortality of the soul; his poetic and enthusiastic spirit adored the Creator in his works; but a long residence among American Protestants had detached him from the true Church, and the railing skepticism of the Houdetot circle at last extinguished the faith of his youth. . . . Profoundly honorable, and devoted to his country,—intelligent and practical in talent, unwearied in bringing things to the use and love of the people; in literature sincere and of good intention; he added to the good fortune of achieving some good in the world, a merit very rare among his contemporaries, of never doing any harm."

This is rather reserved praise, but it is also deserved, as much encomium of our ancestors oftentimes is not,—their chief merit in our eyes having been to have made room for ourselves. St. John has made them better known to their descendants; and if he has complimented them too highly, as his countrymen sometimes said, it was through his inexhaustible optimism and good nature, which neither the French Revolution nor the approach of old age could quite overcome. This did not prevent him from seeing that evils existed, and that they proceeded from evil men. In his account of our backwoodsmen, "frontiersmen," he calls them, and of slavery in Carolina, his[1] English pages differed a little from the later-written French version, and in some respects softened the picture.

In preparing this account of a man too little known, I

[1] St. John had visited Charleston and Georgetown, S. C., before the Revolution. He had a distaste for the lawyers there, and was shocked at the slavery. His chapter on Warner Mifflin has much to say against slavery, even in Delaware and Pennsylvania.

have been much indebted to Mr. S. O. Todd of St. Johnsbury Centre, through whom the American public have been brought into communication with the representatives of the St. John family in Paris. These are the widow of Robert St. John, Madame Marie de Crèvecœur, and her three children, of whom the eldest is Lionel de Crèvecœur, by whose kindness the engraving of Pine Hill Farm has been obtained. Their residence is 120 Rue Longchamps, Paris, and the only purchasable copies of the biography so often cited are in their control.